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Husks of Corn in the White-Washed Church

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Husks of Corn in the White-Washed Church

by Lyn Lifshin

Sill. County fair grounds
are mud. Golden
stretches toward Lake
Champlain. Everything
uneaten drips in
shadows, dark apples
under moldy leaves,
the sky sapphire and
pewter. Somewhere a
woman who crushed
strawberries under
paraffin cradles a bell
jar of roses before
prying open the lid to
suck back summer's
sweetness as if it
were a lover's tongue.
Stillness. Only a
hammer boarding the
last camp up. In hours,
wind in the hay bundles,
the moon turns to
ghost mounds.

